

Let It Go by GallifreyGod

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Characters: Jane 'El' Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers

Relationships: Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Mike Wheeler/Eleven Mentioned

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Summary:

While Joyce and Hopper shop for a prom dress with Jane, the two reminisce about their own time at prom together.

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Author's Note:

This was requested bt @ Toart on tumblr! Prompt:
"You're never going to let that go, are you?"

'What about this one? Ooh or this one!' Joyce Hopper giggled excitedly as she rifled through dresses on the rack at Macy's. She knew that Jane's first prom was supposed to be the most magical night of the teen's life, so she and Jim had been setting aside extra cash to afford a nice dress for their daughter. It *definitely* wasn't because that was their little girl and they wanted to make all of her wishes come true.

"Mike is wearing blue, Mom. These are all pink." Jane laughed as Joyce continued to dive nose deep into pink and violet tulle. As the sixteen-year-old leaned against one of the displays, she looked over to her father to gauge his reaction.

Hopper saw the look in his daughter's eyes, reading it as '*Oh Lord, we're never gonna get her out of here.*' and she probably wasn't wrong. Joyce was clearly living out her fantasy of going to prom in a peach ball gown.

"Dad, who did ask to your prom?" Jane asked, hoping a conversation would speed up the endless hours of dress shopping. "Well, I asked your mother of course!" he smiled, going through the memory in his head.

He wasn't lying, Hopper did, in fact, ask Joyce to the junior prom of '58... at least after Chrissy Carpenter rejected him. It wasn't necessarily a rebound plan, Joyce was his best friend since 3rd grade and he figured she probably didn't have a date.

Joyce's head peaked up through the clothing racks as she heard her husband's egotistical tone. "James Hopper, you did **NOT** ask me. You *told* me that we were going to prom together!" the small woman glared up at him, crossing her arms in anger.

"Jeez, Dad. What did you say?" Jane asked, giggling at her parent's harmless quarrel. It wasn't uncommon for the two to playfully argue, *especially* over his high school actions.

"Well...I" Hop sputtered as he scratched the back of his neck. "You threw a rock at my window in the middle of the night and shouted '*You're going to prom with me, Horowitz. Be there or be square!*' and left before I had time to say '*Get Fuc... buzz off!*'" Joyce replied, quickly catching herself from swearing in front of Jane. Even Jim had to admit, she did a pretty good impression of his teen self.

"You're never going to let that go, are you?" Hopper groaned as he scrubbed his palms over his face, glaring at his daughter when she lightly chuckled.

"Did you two go together?" the curly haired teen asked, hoping to get much funnier intel that she could share with the party for shits and giggles.

"Yeah, your mother spiked our punch with Moonshine and made an ass of herself by vomiting all over the dance floor. I had to carry the poor lightweight out over my shoulder. Thank God that tux was a rental." Hop laughed, finally having the upper hand on their teenage antics.

"You're never going to let that go, are you?" Joyce sighed in an annoyed tone. "Is that why she's trying to turn me into a princess for prom? Making up for what she lost out on?" Jane laughed, earning a giggle from Hopper that was quickly shut down by his wife's glare.

"No, sweetheart. I just want this to be a night you'll remember forever." she smiled, running her hand through her daughter's untamable hair.

"It was a night *I'll* always remember! After Joy finished ralphing up her ethanol, we snuck on down to 'ol Lover's Lane. Hah, Joyce, you sure can twist and turn when you're smashed on the 'Shine OUCH!" Hopper grumbled, nursing his arm from Joyce's '*shut the fuck up*' slap.

"Don't listen to him, honey. You and Mike are gonna have such a great time." she grinned, giving off her warm and motherly smile.

"I sure as hell di- OUCH!"

Author's Note:

Duffer Brothers own the rights!